

NO MORE HIROSHIMAS OR NAGASAKIS

via pacis

(the way of peace)
Des Moines Catholic Worker
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July, 1978

To the victims

This issue of via pacis is dedicated to the thousands who lost their lives 33 years ago at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and to those at the Rocky Flats nuclear bomb plant, the Trident submarine base in Washington state, the Trident assembly base in Groton, Connecticut, the nuclear power plants in Barnwell and Seabrook, on the ELF walk (antenna system for the Trident) in Wisconsin and the northern peninsula of Michigan, and the U.N. Disarmament Hearings, in the hope that, intentionally or unintentionally, it never happens again.

The Kimono

by Don Gordon

Celebrate the season of the death of the city
Celebrate the woman in the newsreel,
the print of her kimono
Burned in her back. Celebrate the bamboo
leaves, the folded fans.

Exhibit A, formerly a person, was born
as the white plant bloomed;
She is the night dream of the spectator,
incised on the lidless eye;
Women without face or name that is known
lives in my house.

Weigh her, measure her, peer for children
in her clouded history; check with Geiger counters
in the click of the doomed leaves and fans.

Lost in events the beauty and the grace
of women;

Ended the age of natural love as the
bomb bay opened
On the burned shoulders: she is now
the memorable one.

From the nightmare to the eye
from the eye to the house
from the house to the heart
enter the dimension of love;
women of Hiroshima
be merciful to the merciless

The special Rocky Flats issue of via pacis is still available for those who would like additional copies. The issue traces Rocky Flats actions from the demonstration in April through the early arrests of the Rocky Flats Truth Force. Also included in the issue is Robert Ellsberg's prison journal excerpts and a commentary by Jack Smith on the U.N. Disarmament Hearing Demonstrations. Write for a copy, sent free of charge, but a donation would be nice.

Discussions

The liturgy is celebrated every Friday at the house (713 Indiana, one block north of University) beginning at 8 p.m., followed by a discussion.

July 14: Amnesty International; Dennis Steele. Amnesty International won the Nobel Peace Prize earlier this year. The Ames-Des Moines chapter is now working on freeing a union organizer in Chile. Dennis will bring us up to date on this chapter's activities.

July 21: Seabrook, 1978: Jerry McMahon and Steve Marsden. A congregation numbering 18,000 returned to the site of this nuclear power plant in New Hampshire this summer. As a result of their action, and a subsequent demonstration in Washington, D.C., the construction of the plant is being suspended. Jerry and Steve will report to us on their involvement in the activities.

July 28: Catholics and the ERA; Natalie Reese. Natalie, director of Catholic Social Action for the diocese and the Women's Resource Center, will report on this summer's conference.

August 4: Hiroshima and Nagasaki; Community. A film will be featured that was smuggled out of Japan that shows the after effects of the first use of nuclear weapons. The film has changed the opinions of many people on the use of nuclear weapons.

August 11: Farming: A Vision for the Future; Jim Dubert. Jim, a pacifist, farmer and student at Iowa State will share his perception of farming in the years to come.

August 18: Natural Healing; Jenny Dean. Jenny is with the Center for Natural Healing in Des Moines. She will share on nutrition and self-healing alternatives to preventative medicine and healing without commercial drugs.

August 25: The U.N.: Can You Trust It Over 30?; Eleanor Schoenfield. Eleanor will share the history of the U.N., how it has changed, and how effective its role is today as the international peace keeper.

via pacis is published by the Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, Box 4551, Des Moines, IA 50306. Tel (515) 243-0765. Subscriptions are free upon request. Community: Frank Cordaro, Joe Da Via, Jacquee Dickey, Betty Goodnough, Tim Heller, Ed Polich, John Smith, and John Zeitler.

Hiroshima poem

Flare

Out of
Earth dimmed and
Canopied
By an unfurling shroud
Of dense
hanging
cloud;

Sweeping smoke
Growling, gnashing,
Rearing up
Into the cloud,
Flame--lurid
Violet dark
Over the city
Showering sparks
Towering up.

Like a mirage of weaving weed
under cool water

An army of flames strode through the city.
Wings crumpled, a grey pigeon dropped
In the middle of the bridge.
A herd of cattle for the abattoir
Rolled like an avalanche
Down the bank of the river.
Beneath pouring fumes

Men on all-fours
Grouped and crawled out only
To be devoured by the fire.
Amid cinders in heaps
A curse smoulders,
Stands stiff,
Tearing its hair.

After that
Moment condensed
Exploded
Incandescent hatred
Filling the huge sky. Then
Stunned silence
Filling the air.
Usurping the sun
Uranium heat rays

Scorched printed flowers on a blouse
Into the flesh of a virgin's back,
And set a clergyman's cloth
Ablaze in an instant.
The sixth day of August
1945 is the actual stake
At which men executed
God in the middle of a day
Dark as midnight.

July, 1978



And now history lies in ambush
For all who resemble
The image of God,
For this night
The bridal bed of Man
is seared
In the crimson glow of Hiroshima.

--Toge Sankichi, from Hiroshima Poems
Artwork by Jacquee Dickey, from a
work by Toshio Iino

Rocky Flats update

by Richard Cleaver

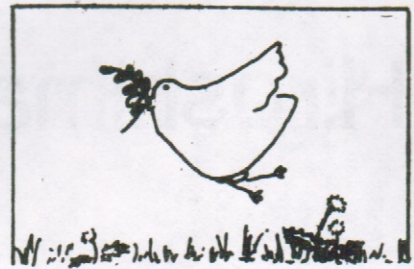
(Richard Cleaver is a native Iowan and spent the past few years at the New York Catholic Worker House.)

1 July, 1978

My brothers and sisters,

I am in at the "main office" for my Saturday night bath and to go to Mass at St. Tom's and I just read the "Special Rocky Flats Issue." It is magnificent. Robert's (Ellberg) letters were very moving. I had read his statement to the court before, but in the context of his jail experience it is much more powerful. And I am quite impressed by Jacquee's statement. In fact, I find to my dismay that she has said everything I intended to say, thus leaving me high and dry. But I guess it needs to be said again and again. In fact, I find myself saying much of it to others in the Truth Force, since I am the only Catholic here and, with the exception of two Mennonites from Arvada (and of course their pastor, Peter) the only Christian. It's kind of lonely. And since we are so few (and I am the only one regularly around) people are apt to forget and start talking about Christianity as if it were some giant anachronism. What an indictment! Also, folks seem to regard Catholic Workers as extremists--I think Robert's fast, and my (prospective) refusal to make bail or accept P.R. (personal recognizance) conditional on not returning--just as you folks and Brian did--contributes much to this impression. But our way has at least some grudging respect, even if it makes their more conventional (and to me unthinkable) attitude toward the "justice" system less smooth.

I was arrested the first time Thursday, June 22, with 3 others (one a Mennonite), all of us first timers. Our arraignment is July 21, 1:15 p.m.--remember me in your prayers--I hope before Judge Goldberger. Then the day before yesterday came another train. After some travail of conscience as to whether I was shirking my duty from fear of jail (which of course is inevitable come my second arrest) I decided that since there were 4 first-timers eager to be arrested, and since we may be kind of short of occupiers the next few weeks, I would stand aside so I could come back. But, when there was only one person to try to block the train coming out, I steeled myself for jail and went along. Obviously God does



not mean me to be in jail yet, because when (Jefferson County police) came and removed us, (after stopping the train for 10 minutes or so) they said we were merely "detained for our own protection" and let go. Rockwell of course was furious. Another blocker down the tracks a way was seized by RI security who hauled him over to Jeffco and said "Arrest him!" whereupon the officer said peevishly "I'm not going to arrest him." So there seems to be a split between Rockwell and the police. It will be interesting to see how this develops.

Frank Archuleta, Sam's second in command, is also wavering--he is Catholic, and knows I am and was in a monastery, so he listens hard to what I say. He has done more generous and unnecessary things on our behalf than I can mention. Somehow I can see him, a couple years from now, sitting on the tracks. Now he does his duty (and no more), but without any conspicuous enthusiasm. And this "conversion", of which we may be seeing the first stages, seems to be a direct result of our non-violence.

All in all, I consider it providential that I have been privileged to see the humanness of men both in Jeffco and RI. I am so apt to forget my opponents are my brothers and sisters also.

Other than these few tidbits, there is not much news. There is much time to read and we are all sunburned. This last is a change from your stint on the tracks but not much else changes except faces. The prickly pear cactus is blooming--lavish, delicately-yellow colored flowers. And fields and fields of blooming thistles, knee high. We now have an information table by the road, and talk to lots of passers-by. I recite the office daily. And we consume vast quantities of watermelon.

I'm not too taken with the mountains, though, much to my surprise. After only two weeks, I am pining for the rolling prairies of Iowa. I'll probably come home just after the August 6-9 vigil. I expect at least some of the meanwhile will be in jail. I bid your prayers for us all; you are always in mine. Until we meet again, may God be with you.

In Christ's love,
Richard Cleaver

Bangor

by Tom Jay

When it comes
it will be quick.

Your old high school sweetheart
will be making tuna sandwiches
for her kids
in a stucco house in poulso.

Young Ed from work
will be getting his hair styled
at the mod barber's in Bremerton,
hating the thought of swing shift,
envying the old men playing pool
across the street.

That strange girl from days past,
you never could figure her out,
but it hurt when your buddies
mocked her strangeness.
She will be scuba diving in Hood Canal,
looking,
just looking.

Your oldest boy
will be reading the P.I. on the ferry,
home for the weekend,
thinking about quitting school again,
troubled by problems
neither of you see.

When it comes
it will be quick.

The heat will peel
your old sweetheart like a grape.
Light blinded
she searches bravely
for her moaning children.

Ed is cut in half
by plate glass,
an infinity of surprise
in the barber's mirrors.

And that girl
you could never figure out,
that strange girl,
Barbara,
will be carried by a wave
into the tree tops
speared by a burning fir.

Another wave will catch your boy.
The red hot ferry will hiss
as the wave
wraps its cold fist around it.

Where will we be
when it comes?
It will be quick.

July, 1978

We are coaxing it home,
wooing it down into the strike zone:
the perfect pitch,
the last out,
inevitable.

Stirring a bad dream with easy lies
we will awake in flames.



THE DRAGON OF WAR

Mr. Tanimoto found about twenty men and women on the sandspit. He drove the boat onto the bank and urged them to get aboard. They did not move and he realized that they were too weak to lift themselves. He reached down and took a woman by the hands, but her skin slipped off in huge, glove-like pieces. He was so sickened by this that he had to sit down for a moment. Then he got out into the water and, though a small man, lifted several of the men and women, who were naked, into his boat. Their backs and breasts were clammy, and he remembered uneasily what the great burns he had seen during the day had been like: yellow at first, then red and swollen, with the skin sloughed off, and finally, in the evening, suppurated and smelly. With the tide risen, his bamboo pole was now too short and he had to paddle most of the way across with it. On the other side, at a higher spit, he lifted the slimy living bodies out and carried them up the slope away from the tide. He had to keep consciously repeating to himself, "These are human beings." It took him three trips to get them all across the river. When he had finished, he decided he had to have a rest, and he went back to the park.

from Hiroshima, by John Hersey 5

ON HOSPITALITY



by Betty Goodnough

The 4th of July holiday with its picnics and fireworks is behind us now and we're here to greet you again. We want to bring you up to date on our activities here in the house and to voice the hope that all has been well with you since we were last in touch.

Perhaps one of our most notable events took place Friday night when the Eucharistic celebration was offered for John, more generally known as Father John Zeitler. As many of you know, he is leaving this area, sent by his concern, to give of himself and his capabilities to the poor and deprived who exist in the Appalachias. It was an occasion of mixed feelings when we tried to rejoice that he has been freed to follow this special call and yet were sobered and saddened by the sense of our own impending loss. We will miss much about him: his ready smile, his interest, his patience and his untiring efforts on behalf of the needful and distressed who find their way somehow or other to the door and shelter of this house. The part Fr. John played as a member of our community was the enactment of his "second mile" for, as faithful as his efforts were on behalf of those poor whose lives touch ours, his first commitment, faithfully carried out, was to his responsibilities as parish priest of Holy Trinity. We were honored that one of John's grace and character chose to associate himself with our community and our efforts and we appreciated all that he did in such good grace "over and above all that was needful."

Following the Eucharistic service and because they wanted our farewell to John to embody a personal and intimate gesture, Joe and Jacquee chose readings from the book Redemption Denied, accompanied by appropriate music, afterward presenting the book to John as a gift. This was followed by a lovely symbolic dance performed by Jacquee and Joe, whose talents, training and background in drama and the dance were readily evident. It was a gentle, beautiful gift that revealed the thoughtfulness and spirit of those who performed and the one in whose honor it had been directed.

Our thoughts and our prayers will go with Fr. John wherever his call takes him. It is we who reluctantly say goodbye and who are left behind who will be poorer.

The day of the 4th gradually became a promising one and Joe made a decision to

assemble the ingredients of a picnic. Willing hands assisted and, accompanied by Jacquee and guests, we started off shortly after noon time for Birdland Park. A thoughtful benefactor who, when she can, remembers us with ground beef, was responsible for the hamburgers we cooked over charcoal, while from Hy-Vee came the vegetables and greens for our salad. Later on we all had a great time in the pool, a time of forgetfulness and refreshment.

That evening those of us in the community gathered on the porch and there held a prayer service, its purpose to celebrate the birthday of this land which we love in spite of its flaws, as well as to celebrate the apparent success of the anti-nuclear effort staged at Seabrook. It was a time for reflection. Thoughts and anxieties were shared. Optimism and hope were discovered as well. We prayerfully broke bread, shared the cup, cementing friendship and trust. It was communion.

We're honored that there have been those recently who have thought of us when they've wished to make death memorials. We've been only too glad at the time of our weekly liturgy to offer prayers for these friends in their grief and loss and for their loved ones.

We wanted to pass along this bit of news: we will close the houses July 26-August 10 for cleaning and repair and we certainly would welcome anyone (everyone!) to help with the project. If you feel you could manage any time at all, however little, for cleaning or carpentering, it would be so much appreciated.

In conjunction with this task, we'd like to mention the following donations we could use should you have them lying about unused in your home:

- paint and brushes and rollers
- cleaning supplies (rags, ammonia, clorox)
- carpeting
- any partially used rolls of washable wallpaper, paneling

We continue to make notable progress in the restoration of Ligutti House, though we are still short window screens and the occupants find themselves nothing short of roasting these hot and humid days. Fans would help to alleviate this discomfort should you have a model or two tucked away unused and not needed in an attic corner.

In confidence and appreciation we'd like to take the opportunity to mention some needs our kitchen has accumulated:

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Robert Hodgell

Utensils of nearly every variety (pots, mixing bowls, baking and frying pans, casseroles, sharp paring knives)

Drinking glasses (plastic is the best for all those breakable reasons!)

We are already cooking our own home grown green beans and anytime now the gardens Ed has planted and faithfully tended will be yielding their anticipated crops. And, lo, we are unprepared for we have no canning equipment and we're hopeful there may be volunteers who will show us how to do this and will help us can.

In conclusion, this last paragraph on canning has reminded me that our current supply of canned goods is at an uncomfortable low. Could we ask you to help replenish our supply? There are so many to feed each day, to say nothing of those who come to the door in need and leave with a bag of supplies. Often when I go down stairs to get something from the freezer and must pass those shelves of canned goods, I am reminded of the mouth of a huge, grinning jack-o-lantern in which are displayed more gaps than teeth. And then I muse: they're nearly always like this; it rarely changes. How do we do it? Everyone seems to eat; no one complains of hunger. Then my thoughts go back over the many years to Jesus, our brother, who fed so many with so little. I think the answer lies there with him in some mysterious way I can't explain. Do you?

If you happen to be nearby and are free to do so, do stop in at the house for a visit. It would be good to have a gesture of your interest and your support and you'd be welcome. In the meantime, may the days ahead before we're in touch again be blessed for each of you.

The Catholic Worker House and Msgr. Ligutti House will be closed from July 24-August 10 so we can clean, maintain and repair the houses. We will not be offering hospitality at this time. Anyone is welcome to join us in the cleaning.

July, 1978

No longer strangers

by Norma Cook

I always enjoy dropping in at the Catholic Worker House. This house of hospitality provides shelter and food for the battered, the pregnant, the homeless and others who need a safe place to sort their lives.

Last week I stopped to eat supper with some of my friends. The old fashioned kitchen was full of people busily preparing food so I walked into the large combination living and dining room.

A young woman was sitting in an old stuffed chair, her leg in a heavy cast stretched across a hammock. The bottom of the cast was stained with dirt from walking on it and her bare toes were sticking out, as if in defiance. Her arm was adorned with the same white cement from elbow to wrist.

Her long black hair seemed to contrast the solid white and was accented by her warm smile as she looked eagerly at me.

We were no longer strangers.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"I was trying to get away from my husband and I had to jump two stories from a roof!"

Her face became tense and her black eyes as hard as marbles as she told me about her three small children that were now in foster homes.

"I'll get to see my baby for an hour Monday," she said as she began twisting her hair around her finger. "I miss her so much."

We continued to talk further about her family and her frustrations. Then like a child she held up her bandaged arm and earnestly said, "Oh, see this crooked finger? My husband broke it eight weeks ago."

Feeling somewhat nauseated from the circumstances crippling this young woman I glanced at the posters on the wall behind her. The one that caught my eye in simple bold print said "PEOPLE ARE NOT FOR HITTING."

Whose welfare?



by Tim Heller

I moved back from Nevada a week prior to the celebration of Christ's birth last year. I had been in contact with the Des Moines Catholic Worker for a few months through the newsletter. I enjoyed reading the newsletter and finding out about the many different kinds of work that the Catholic Workers were doing. When I returned to Des Moines I started going to the Friday night discussions and thus broadened my awareness of the philosophy of the Catholic Worker ideals.

During the spring semester I attended Grand View College in Des Moines to finish my Associate of Arts degree in Sociology and I gradually increased my association with the Catholic Worker. The last week of April, Jacquee and Frank went to Rocky Flats, Colorado to protest the production of nuclear arms, leaving the house a little short of staff. It was around this time that I moved into the Worker House.

Our guests are as numerous as the stars, they come and they go, some stay a day others stay a week, maybe two. Some we get to know quite well; others are little more than passing strangers in the night, reluctant to divulge little more than their names. We receive referrals from every social agency you have ever heard of and a few you haven't.



Our guests come from every walk of life. Most of them are women, some of them have one or more children. Occasionally we will take in a husband when he is accompanied by family; some of our guests are victims of wife battering and need a place to get away from the husband.

The "middle-class" of America has some very strong and very frightening stereotyped belief of what Welfare recipients are like: they all drive Cadillacs and Lincolns, they are shiftless and lazy, they have as many children as they please, none of them ever work because they would rather sit back and collect welfare and unemployment. Speaking from my personal experience through serving on the staff here at the Catholic Worker House and my contacts with the poor through a social agency I have found the e and many other beliefs to be false and misleading. If the poor had the opportunity to improve their lot they would do so. Most of the poor which I have had the honor to serve want to get jobs, they do want to work and do try to get jobs. However, because they are usually unskilled, their pay is not sufficient to maintain the income requirements for subsistence living. The current welfare system promotes persistent poverty.

With the need for occasional and seasonal labor the current welfare system subsidizes the affluent employer who requires the inexpensive labor, since workers can be pulled off of welfare as needed and then returned to the welfare roles when the need subsides. It is in this way that the welfare system maintains a large unskilled labor force.

There is only \$ 10 billion yearly spent on the nation's poor in the form of Federal subsidies (welfare, general relief, ADC, food stamps, etc.) while the wealthy receive their welfare in the form of Federal subsidies (tax breaks, tax shelters, special bonds, etc.) amounting to over \$ 80 billion a year. The subsidies that the poor receive are very closely monitored, though the rich manage to avoid this stigma of having their subsidy noted as charity. Don't kid yourself; you, the public at large do not benefit from those large tax write-offs that the big businessman receives. The "trickle down" method is not functional. The economy does benefit from those people who are on Food Stamps. For every dollar spent on Food Stamps, over \$324 worth of business continued on p. 9

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Community
by Joe Da Via

Dear friends,

Whither thou goest
so do I go.

First you, Suzanne,
We found your Achilles heel late
but you still limp
struggling with God's calling
trying to sort it out
through the shouts, screams and babblings.

Then you, Malcolm, Drury and Leith
who saw us through
the first days of hospitality.
You met Jesus with us
in winos and run-away families.
With us, the cocky, least redeemed of these.

Now John, you're going too?

Our Merlin
transforming a condemned hovel
into Ligutti House
producing meals from molehills
godfathering our Vietnamese kin
and hitting home with the Church
when we were slow of tongue.

Whither thou goest
so do I go.

Suzanne, Suze
to audiology school
that you may better hear God's calling.

Mal, Drubes and Leith



to New England
as quiet revolutionaries
teacher--nurse--farmers.

And John
to appalachia
(as we walk
even in our poverty
you have found another with no feet.)
not as a Savior
but as a servant.

And what then of community?
This mystical body of Christ?

Are we dismembered
sans heel, hand and head?

Or like the eucharist
do we become whole
only when divided?

Then--
Adios, to God, adieu
that is where we leave you
in God.
Where we will finally be
community.

Shalom, dearest friends,
we'll meet again.
If not tomorrow,

next year
In Jerusalem.



of the mothers receiving ADC are employed full or part time, meaning their wages are so low they still must receive financial assistance to keep alive. Myth: Welfare recipients drive big new cars--mostly Cadillacs. Fact: An ADC family cannot have a car worth more than \$3200.

The Catholic Worker movement does have a position on helping the poor. We believe that helping the poor is a part of our Christian duty, a service that we do voluntarily without government assistance. If everybody helped the poor of this country on their own there would be no need for all the money and programs that the government spends yearly on government welfare programs. Sounds like a good idea; maybe more people ought to try it.

Proposition 13: a sign a partial truth

by Frank Cordaro

Much has been written and said about California's Proposition 13 and the grass roots tax revolt that seems to be spreading across the country. The media is calling the movement a swing to the right, a move against big government. Politicians jump on the bandwagon adapting to the new trend, bending to the will of the people: more accountability, balanced budgets, ending governmental waste and inflationary spending. Promises of change...promises of new beginnings...promises...promises with each new media event, each new administration and yet the same "filthy rotten" system goes on.

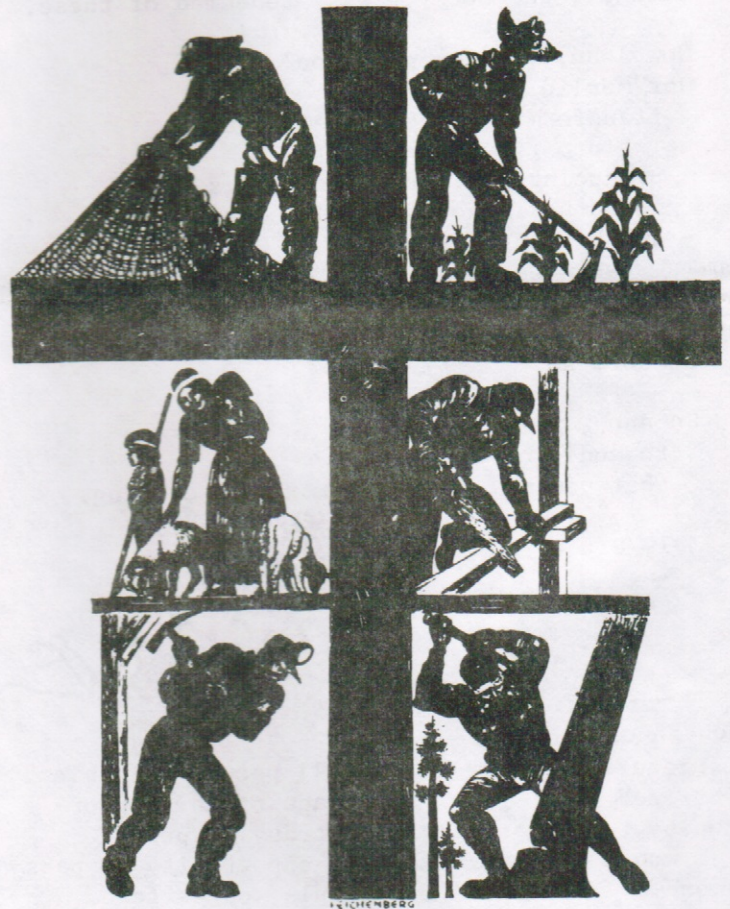
Mass media and its created reality paints the picture of the world in its own context of many "givens." Our two party system is a given, our capitalist economics is a given, welfare is a given, labor and management, consumer and producer, war and peace, free world and communist are all givens and many more. These givens are rarely questioned and are often assumed. Within this given world view all effective reality is divided and categorized on a spectrum from right to left, conservative and liberal.

The advantage of life at the Catholic Worker is that we don't get sucked into believing the many "givens" in the media's given world view. Our point of context is radical--outside the given media's perspective. Our touching stone is the gospel and our reality checks are the people we serve. Outside media's given reality we are able to see the partial truths in it, how the media plays one truth against another, and how this created polarization of truth defuses both positions and sabotages any real chance for change.

The Worker's perspective is personalism and the radical love we practice in our everyday effort to love those who are the least in our midst. This is not the abstract love of the suburban Christians who pray in their pews for world peace and the poor of the world and then go about their everyday lives as if the hungry and violent people in their inner cities have nothing to do with them. Nor is our love the love of the state who's programmed goal is to feed, clothe and shelter the nation's poor in an institutional manner--a welfare world that makes of the poor, clients dependent on the government. We, too, feed, clothe and shelter, but not like the state. Our works are the works of mercy, from one human being to

another. We share as free human beings our material goods, without the state as a mediator. We not only share what is needed for the body, but through our freely chosen sharing, we share ourselves. We often find in ourselves the same ugliness and unattractiveness that our guests so visibly bring with them.

Our everyday challenge is to believe that in Christ all that is sick and ugly is made healthy and beautiful. Daringly we act on our belief that, though we share a common human brokenness, we are all part of the holy and redeemed and therefore worthwhile!



It is in our attempt to live this radical personal love that we can see the truth in California's Proposition 13. Big Government is a bottomless pit. It will spend an endless amount of money on people programs yet the people that they will try to help will become more and more dependent, multiplying as the welfare system grows. The truth behind Proposition 13 is the government should pull continued on p.11

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Roadsigns



WOMYN IN THE PRIESTHOOD

Justice for Womyn in the Church Task Force will sponsor an open forum addressing questions of alternative priestly ministry Tuesday, July 25 at 7:30 p.m. at Hawthorne Hill at 9th and Pleasant Street. This grassroots dialogue is requested (as in the "Call to Action" conference) for data for the Womyn's Ordination Conference to be held in Baltimore, Maryland on November 11-12. All people interested are invited to attend.

POVERTY WORKSHOP

Edson Howarth of the Worker staff, here, will act as facilitator for a workshop on poverty Friday and Saturday, August 11-12, at Isaiah House, 1521 6th Avenue, Des Moines.

A limited number of college-age young people less familiar with Des Moines' inner city have been invited to participate in this first of a series of poverty workshops, a pilot project of the newly organized Des Moines Area Justice and Peace Center, based at Isaiah House.

As planned now, there will be special sessions on the causes of poverty, the Gospel and poverty, "infiltrating" the inner city, and poverty and Black people.

"We want to break the poverty barrier for some young Des Moines residents, with some healthy consciousness raising," said Howarth.

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out of people services. We should let people take care of people: not for profit, not for pay. It is time for a real separation of Church and state. Get the state out of the Church's work. It is the responsibility of the people of God to meet the needs of the poor. If the churches were doing the works of mercy as Christ commanded them to, then they could serve society as the true social and moral conscience of the nation.

Proposition 13 calls to question just who is one's brother's or sister's keeper. For us at the Catholic Worker, the care for the other, the stranger, the less than beautiful is our personal responsibility. A responsibility that cannot be replaced with a payment of a tax. Some say that we are idealistic. Others say that society is too big for our type of approach to work, they say we need a paid specialist to care for the poor. I say, come visit us, who dare to do now what others only dream. From our eyes the world today can be seen through the eyes of tomorrow's promised kingdom of God.

July, 1978

"The rest, we hope, will come quite naturally.

Leaders of the workshops will be Jamal Long, Des Moines coordinator of the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, Eleanor Guzzio, director of HOME, Inc., Frank Cordaro, of the Catholic Worker House, and Jack Smith, director of the Des Moines Area Justice and Peace Center.

The first in a series, the August 11-12 workshop is intended to contribute to the creation of a permanent "Poverty Task Force" for Des Moines' near north side.

Anyone of college age (not necessarily in college) who might want to participate in this workshop, or in any one of the series; should contact Edson Howarth at Isaiah House, 1521 6th Avenue, Des Moines, (515) 282-9793.

HIROSHIMA/NAGASAKI OBSERVANCE

Plans for Des Moines observance of Hiroshima/Nagasaki Days will be finalized this week as a number of groups and individuals meet at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, July 13, at Isaiah House, 1521 6th Avenue.

Public demonstrations, prayer services, and possibly a "die-in," will mark the area's memorializing of the thousands who were killed thirty-three years ago when the United States dropped two atom bombs--the first and only time nuclear devices were used in warfare--on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima, August 6, and Nagasaki, August 9.

The July 13 meeting is open to all interested parties.

MOBILIZATION FOR SURVIVAL

The biggest news to break in Des Moines justice and peace circles since the last issue of via pacis is confirmation of the fact that Mobilization for Survival--the highly visible and successful coalition that staged the May march and rally at the United Nations' special session on disarmament--will hold its second national convention in Des Moines, September 15-17.

Details beyond this are not available since the national board of Mobilization in Philadelphia is finalizing its program and a local steering committee of the Iowa Mobilization is getting organized.

Residents of the Des Moines metropolitan area who may want to assist in the local planning process are invited to attend a special organizational meeting Monday, July 17, at American Friends Service Committee meeting room, 4211 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, at 7:30 p.m.

Barbarians and Civilized
by Peter Maurin

We call barbarians
people living
on the other side of the border.
We call civilized
people living
on this side of the border.
We civilized,
living on this side of the border,
are not ashamed
to arm ourselves to the teeth
so as to protect ourselves
against the barbarians
living on the other side.
And when the barbarians
born on the other side of the border
invade us,
we do not hesitate
to kill them
before we have tried
to civilize them.
So we civilized
exterminate barbarians
without civilizing them.
And we persist
in calling ourselves civilized.

via pacis

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